red as the Post Office as New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

BUNDAY, Per Year ..... 2 08 DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year ...... 8 00 DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month. .... 46 Postage to foreign countries added.

Published by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President and Treasurer "pt the Association, William M. Laffan, 170 Nassau street; Secretary of the Association, Franklin Bartlett, 5 Nassau street.

The daily and Sunday Sun is on sale in London at Murray's Exchange, Trafalgar Bulldings, Northumberland avenue; Pall Mall American and Colonial Exchange, Cariton street, Regent street, and Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green street, Leicester

Paris office, 32 Rue Louis le Grand. The dally and Sunday editions are on sale at Klosque 12, near the Grand Hotel; Klosque 77, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opéra, and Klosque 19, Boulevard des Italiens, corner Rue Louis le Grand,

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

## "Honor."

That part of the press which has habitually descanted upon the impossibility of Mr. Roosevela's running for a third term appears to be embarrassed. Not that these newspapers soate their heat for Mr. TAFT, but that the tone of it rings a trifle flat, and there is little or no reimputing to Mr. ROOSEVELT a latent or furtive design on the nomination for himself. The intense indignation that was expressed when intimations of that sort appeared and the violence with which great Republican publicists defended Mr. ROOSEVELT'S "honor" are no longer in eyidence.

We have always thought this impassioned concern respecting Mr. Roose-VELT'S "honor" a little overdone if not quite supererogatory. It has seemed to all the dangers of this horrible disease us that its defence could in better taste be left to the gentleman himself. He bas never heretofore had any difficulty or hesitation respecting it. When he pledged his "honor" over Mr. McKinley's grave that he would carry out the McKinley policies it never cost him the least subsequent inconvenience. Is not the press a little hypersensitive, not to say a culogy of "my friend of many years, of want, was a novelist of high artistic presumptuous and officious, about this question of "honor"?

divinity doth hedge" the American by high destiny to the greatest place in A writer and critic, Madame Z. HIPPIUS, Presidency was a becoming and old fashioned superstition, but it has been relegated to the limbo to which so many by his own compulsion." other cherished and popular weaknesses have vanished. Only the senile and impossibly recalcitrant any longer pretend negie Hall an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of duction. As she says, even the writers that the oath of office, which is the this State-may we say the undeclared who refused to meddle with politics are jewelled pin in his tie. While we are now essence of the inauguration, imposes any candidate for Governor to succeed marked men; politics in the shape of the

serious obligation upon the incumbent. The Republican party has abandoned all such moral abstractions and feeble sentimentalities. Matters mundane and practical absorb it wholly.

All the same, as ye sow so shall ye reap!

# Concerning Dog Bite.

Hydrophobia is an infectious disease acquired with the bite of the dog, wolf, a cat, fox and other animals in these groups. It results from the presence of specific germs which are introduced with the puncture of the tooth and ultimately make their way through the circulation of the blood and lymph until they find a suitable breeding ground, usually in the brain, and strange to say they select by preference a particular and limited portion of this organ. The germs are occasionally found in the substance of the spinal cord, and less frequently in certain of the larger nerve structures Ninety per cent, of all cases in human beings result from the bite of the dog, four per cent. from cats and wolves and two per cent. from foxes.

The time which intervenes between the bite and the development of the convulsions which follow varies from a few days to several weeks, sometimes months, and occasionally a year or more will clapse between the receipt of the injury and the onslaught of the fatal

The early symptoms of infection are a feeling of uneasiness and general depression, and in rare instances where the wound has long been healed pain is szizures which usually affect the muscles of the throat gradually increase in severity, the Tatal cases ending in death from exhaustion due both to the inability | be his contemporary." He conjured to swallow and the depressing action of the toxin on the heart and breathing muscles.

A practical point of great importance in connection with hydrophobia is to determine whether the animal which has inflicted the wound is or is not mad, and scopic examination of the dog's brain. This brilliant discovery was made in 1903 by an Italian physician, Dr. A. NEGRI, swho demonstrated the presence of certain specific bodies in the brains of animals cobrajued within a few hours after the infliction of the bite should enable any competent physician to treat the wound in such a way as to prevent systemic not close at hand to make the examination the skull of the animal should be broken open, the brain removed and placed in a jar or bottle filled with a mixture of onehalf water and one-half alcohol, and this should be forwarded at once to the nearest laboratory, where the examination can be made within five minutes after it is in the hands of the pathologist and a positive atrical adaptation of the novel). assurance made as to whether the animal

when the hite was inflicted. braning with nitric acid will put an end fortunate Dostotevski. He served ten closely scrutinized their lack of origto all ding of mentational infection, terrible years as a political convict, lite inality and poverty of invention are

bite as possible, but it has been proved that if delayed as long as twenty-four hours further invasion of the disease has been prevented in almost every instance in which it has been employed. The remedy advised is pure nitric acid, which can be obtained from any drug store. This should be thoroughly applied to all points of the wound by means of a small glass pipette or medicine dropper, or if this cannot be obtained by a small glass rod or piece of wood, which latter is, however, gradually charred by the acid. As the application of this remedy is intensely painful the injection into the substance of the skin by means of a hypodermic syringe of a one-half of one per cent. solution of cocaine and the infiltration of this same circle of half an inch beyond the edges of the wound so deadens sensibility that the burning of the acid is not in the least painful. When there is a deep puncture by a single tooth, enlarging the wound slightly by a single incision is advised in order to make sure that the acid may find its way to the very deepest parts of the infected area.

elapsed it is believed that great benefit is to be derived from the thorough use of nitric acid. When it is not at hand pure carbolic acid well rubbed into all the recesses of the wound should be subtained bits of telegraph wire cut into proper lengths and made red hot may wounded surface until a thorough cauterization has been accomplished. In been treated later than twenty-four hours the Pasteur method, which consists of the injection of a serum prepared after pudiation of the flagrant immorality of the method of the great French chemist, is also advised.

follows the bite of a dog or other animal which may possibly be mad it is a wise precaution, even when the diagnosis of hydrophobia in the animal is not positively assured, to treat all cases as if they were inflicted by a diseased animal. The pain and inconvenience is only temporary and should not be considered when it is known that by this treatment may be eliminated.

## Two Days of the Taft Campaign

Watch it! In the Massachusetts convention day before yesterday the senior Senator and only father-in-law of Augus-TUS PEABODY GARDNER devoted ninetenths of his speech or thereabouts to best abused and most popular man in the The vulgar feeling that "there's such | United States," who, having been "called | what a flatland is Russian literature now. the republic, one of the greatest places attempted in the Paris Mercure de France on earth, goes out of it in less than a year | to give an idea of the situation. She ad-

HUGHES?-obscures a perfunctory refby pointing over Hughes's shoulder directly at the most fearless, the most that the Republican party has had since LINCOLN. "

See how the Taft full moon is eclipsing the pale remote disk of the Albany Uranus! At the Republican State convention in Carnegie Hall yesterday how eloquently did that peerless spellbinder and elongated tapewormer for TAPT, the Hon. JIM SHERMAN of the New Hartford Tin Can Company, describe the progress of the Secretary's boom. Hear JIM SHERMAN: "He has made his administration of first rank in our history and his stewardship if you doubt the wealth and variety of comparable with that of the greatest Presidents. Proud indeed would we be to join our sister States in his renomination and reelection had he not prevented the delegates obeying the manifest wish of those they well represent in naming again as the standard bearer of a mighty ROOSEVELT.

Secretary TAFT ought to be mightily pleased. The enthusiasm of these and other leaders for TAFT and for his cause is rapidly approaching the white hot fervor of JONATHAN BOURNE himself.

# Young Russia.

Stands Russia where it did in literature? The question seems a superfluous one, though LYOF TOLSTOI still lives. still writes. But the artist is lost in the dreary quagmire of his didactic utterances. As long ago as the early '80s again felt in the scar. The convulsive TURGENEV [who died in 1883] saw TOLstor's danger, and on his sickbed wrote that memorable letter to the man of whom he said that he "was happy to Tolstoi to "return to literary work. \* \* Great writer of our Russian land. hear my prayer." Unhappily, the author of "Anna Karenina" has not listened to this advice. Obsessed by a peculiar mania of some writers, he has attempted to play the rôle of prophet, and with dire if it is killed this mer be determined results to his art, to his country and to within a very few minutes by a micro- his disciples. A profounder nature, profounder psychologist than Tolstol, a books before he wrote them, who penetrated to the core of the people's heart, as the amateur Socialist and well born suffering from rables. This knowledge country squire of Yasnaia Poliana never did-FÉDOR DOSTOLEVSKI, has gone the way of all the flesh, and Tolstoi alone of this great trio remains. And remains great, notwithstanding his vaporish divainfection. If a competent pathologist is gations, though his book on art was a distortion of the French writer GUYAU's theories, and the work of a barbarian, æsthetically speaking; while his "Resurrection" is a pale replica of Dostoievski's "The Crime and the Punishment": Tolsrot's heroine is thin and unsubstantial compared to the marvellous portrait of

MEREJKOWSKI made a dangerous comwas or was not infected with the disease parison between Tolstoi and Dostoiev-SKI, pointing out the palpable fact that As to treatment, the immediate indi- what has always been theorizing, not to cation is to destroy the germs at the say artistic masquerading, in the case of point of inoculation. The thorough Tolston was grim reality for the un- the works of these new writers are

Sonia (caricatured here in a recent the-

stor only wrote about Siberia. Dos-TOIEVSKI was plunged into poverty and misery his fife long, and the epileptic crises from which he suffered added a poignantscolor to his stories; he did not need to "go to the people," like Tolstoi; he was always among them, a fellow victim. Thus it is we get from him more powerful and intenser pictures of life, bitter, hopeless life. He was a true mystic by temperament, which Tolstoi, no matter how long he sits upon his tripod, never is. NIETZSCHE was quite right in praising Dostolevski as a "profound man." He was more profound even than STENDHAL; and TOLSTOI has called STENDHAL his master. Yet Tolstol is a saner artist than Dostolevski, as Tur-GENEV is artistically superior to both solution into the fat and muscles for a of them. And, as ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE so clearly puts it: "Russian" scholars tell one that it is just possible to render Toustor into another language; the subtle charm and beauty of TUR-GENEV's style cannot be conveyed."

Let us consider then that GogoL, PUSHKIN, LERMONTOV, NEKRASOV, DOSTOIEVSKI, TURGENEY and TOLSTOI are classics. As long as Russian, sonor-Even after twenty-four hours have ous and beautiful tongue, is spoken, they will never die. And their successors? What is the actual condition of Russian literature at the present time? It is the bare truth to say that a period of stagnation set in during the decade after TURstituted, and when this cannot be ob- GENEV's death. Emigration carried with it the best brains of the land. We need not dwell upon the publicists, nor yet one after another be applied to the stir the muddy stream of agitation. It has been the misfortune of Russian literary men to be involved in dangerous cases which have been neglected or have political schisms and revolutionary movements; their misfortune, and perhaps their good luck. For dramatic material they have never been at a loss, though their art has suffered, and depth of feeling has been gained at a sad waste In view of the anxiety which naturally of other qualities. That grand old humorist Gogot has had no successors. Humor in Russia is a suspected thing. Even if there were a second Gogol he would never be allowed to put on the boards a second "Revizor." We do not mean to assert that humor has died out altogether in literature, but it is not the gift of those who write nowadays. Since GOGOL or coeval with him, only men of secondary importance have been humorists: USPENSKI, GORBUNOV, OSTROV-SKI, SALTYROV (called CHTCHÉDRINE), or the author of the delightful novel

Oblomov," GONTCHAROV by name. MAIKOV, NADSOHN, POLONSKI, GAR-CHIN, KOROLIENKO, TCHEKOV were all men of talent; the latter in particular. preceptor and friend to GORKI in his days my close friend, my companion," "the if morbid powers. He is dead. It is when we turn to the living that we realize mitted the inadequacy of her sketch. Observe the progress of TAFT! In the | The troubled political map of Russia has New York convention yesterday in Car- | not been conducive to ripe artistic pro-Madame erence to that distinguished indifferent | HIPPIUS makes the rather astonishing assertion that literature in Russian has never existed in the sense of a literary aggressive, the most inspiring leader milieu, as an organic art possessing traditions and continuity; for her Tolstor, DOSTOIEVSKI and TURGENEY are but isolated men of genius. A glance back at the times and writings of such critics as BIELINSKI, DOBROLIUBOV and NE-KRASSOV-a remarkable poet-disproves this statement. Without a Gogol the later novelists would be rather in the air. He first fashioned the bricks and mortar of native fiction. Read KROPOTKIN, OSIP-LURI, E. SEMENOV, WALIZEWSKI, MELCHIOR DE VOGUÉ and LEO WIENER

this literature. Among living prose writers two names are encountered: MAXIM GORKI and LEONIDE ANDREIEV. Of the neurotic GORKI there is naught to be said that is encouraging. He was physically ill when in America and as an artist in party the people's choice, THEODORE plain decadence. He had shot his bolt in his tales about his beloved vagabonds. He had not the long breathed patience or artistic skill for a novel. His novels disfigured by tirades and dry attempts at philosophical excursions are all failures. When his tramps began to spout Nietzsche on their steppes the artificial note was too apparent. His plays are loose episodes without dramatic action or climax, sometimes moving, as in the case of "Nachtasyl," and discordant in "The Children of the Sun." GORKI had a natural talent; in his stories a submerged generation became eloquent. And he became a doctrinaire. NIETZSCHE finished the ruin that MARX had begun; his art, chiefly derived from DOSTOIEVSKI and TCHEKOV, succumbed to a sentimental socialism. Socialism is the canker of all art.

ANDREIEV is still strong, though enveloped in "mystic anarchism." He is as naturally gifted as GORKI and a thinker of more precision. His recent play, "Les Ténèbres," reveals the influences of DOSTOIEVSKI and TOLSTOI. It is a shocking arraignment of self-satisfied materialism. A young revolutionary is the protagonist. The woman in the case man of blood and iron, who lived his | belongs to the same profession as Dos-TOIEVSKI'S Sonia. Not encouraging, this. Yet high hopes are centred upon An-DREIEV. For the rest there is VLADIMIB Soloviev, who is a poet-metaphysician with a following. He has mystic proclivities. Scratch a Russian writer and you come upon a mystic. He is against clericalism and believes in an "anticlerical church"! There is a little circle at Moscow, where a Muscovite review, La Balance (founded 1903), is the centre of the young men. V. BRUSOFF, a poet, is the editor. BALMONT, SOLOGUB write for its pages, as do ROSANOW and MEREI-KOWSKI. In 1898 there was a review started called Mir Iskousstva. Its director was SERGE DIAGHILEV, and it endured until 1904. SOLOGUB is one of the most promising poets. BLOCK, REMISOV Ivanov are also poets of much ability There are romancers such as Avzi-BACHEV, ZENSKY, KUZMIN, IVANOV, who write on improper themes. But when

This should be done as early after the erally an innocent one, in Siberia. Total noticeable. Not one genius is among them; ANDREIEV is the most forceful, artistic and andividual of his group. The "poisonous honey" of French decadents and symbolists has attracted one party; and the others are being swallowed up in the pessimistic nebula of "mystic anarchy" and fabulism. What DAUDET called "Russian pity" suffuses their work. There is without doubt a national sentiment and a revolt against western European culture, particularly the French. Russia for the Russians is the slogan of this group. But thus far nothing in particular has come of their patriotic efforts; no overwhelming personality has emerged from the rebellious froth of new theories. If ever the "man on horseback" does appear in Russia it is very doubtful if he will bestride a Pegasus.

# The Alleged Inferiority of the Ameri-

can Boy We are conscious of a reluctance to concur in the conclusion of Canon JEPHson that "owing to the American system of coeducation and the preponderance of women teachers the English lad has far more shrewdness than the American boy." Now a boy, a human boy, whether of Mayfair or Murray Hill, of Whitechapel or the Bowery, has all of the shrewdness nature allots to humanity. Shrewdness is an inborn mental quality. arriving at fruitful maturity at the age of boyhood. Thereafter it diminishes, while other and acquired mental qualities take its place: craft, subtlety, jugglery, intrigue, trickery-the manly, as

opposed to boyish qualities. If Dr. JEPHSON contends that the preponderating schoolma'am tends to an early extinguishment of shrewdness we flatly demur. Rather she serves to prolong it. It may be that in his American investigations Canon JEPHSON'S opportunities afforded him study not of boys but of mollycoddles. He should repeat his visit provided with a guide of approved patriotism and a working knowledge of how to reach the ball fields.

leans who were smiling because everything seemed cut and dried about the Democratic programme may come to the conclusion that the Denver affair will be the livelier circus of the two.—Washington

# It is looking more and more like that.

The Indiana Republicans have "seen and gone one better" the Republicans of other States whe have asked for a special tariff session immediately after March 4 next. The Indianians are for a speal session immediately after the November bn.—Chicago Tribune.

Unfortunately, the wings of Republican revision do not flap together. The convention in Massachusetts, where the agitation was at white heat a year ago, adopted a plank that is almost stand pat by comparison with the reverberating resolutions of the Indiana and Illinois Republicans, and in Massachusetts no time was named for revision. Even the Home Market Club must be pleased with the product of the Massachusetts platform makers.

The Colonel Sidney O. Bigney mystery Massachusetts is dispelled by a picture of the Colonel printed in the Springfield Republican. The Colonel is a youngish, good looking man with a high brow and a satisfied he is no myth, we contend that ex-Governor John L. Bates, who grace fully retired in his favor, is a handsomer man and looks more like a statesmanmore, for example, like BEVERIDGE

The Weather Bureau starts its week ahead forecast with the boldness and dash of a June thunderstorm. "During the week," it says, casting aside every appearance of doubt, reserve or caution, slipping every anchor to windward, "typical April conditions will prevail." Thus the progress of science gives comfort and aid to the once bewildered housewife, who may now n serene confidence repair the roof, air the rugs, prepare for lawn teas, let the furnace go out and relight it and resurrect her husband's straw hat.

Is it less expensive to deport fifty anarchists, 'most of whom are known to have committed some crime previous to coming to this country," than to prevent them from landing in the first place?

Dr. MATTEUCCI, director of the observatory on Mount Vesuvius, has compiled some impressive facts about the last great outburst of the volcano, which he publishes in the Bulletin of the Italian Geological Society. He finds that the west side of the crater wall is now 350 feet and the east side 363 feet lower than before the eruption. The depth of the crater, which formerly was about 3,280 feet, is now about 2,300 feet. The lava streams that poured down the southern slopes cover an area of 3,500,000 square metres, and the lava mass that was spread over the country has a volume of about 10:500,000 cubic metres. The black pillar of gases, steam and other ejecta that rose above the orifice reached heights of from six to eight miles, and the thickness of the stratum of volcanic ash that fell around the crater was from thirty-nine to forty-nine feet. In view of the tremendous mass of material that was shot out of the crater with the speed of a cannon ball, tearing away at the crater walls as it emerged, it is no wonder that the aspects of the crater and the top of the mountain have been greatly changed.

A Young Naturalist From Philadelphia. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I have just eard a new criticism of New Yorkers by an out sider here for the first time. A lawyer friend of nine had his thirteen year-old nephew over from Philadelphia for a few days last week. The boy is well bred youngster and very observant uncle took him one night to one of the large dining places where there is much display. The how took it all in very quietly, the uncle waiting without suggestion or comment to hear what the new comer thought of it. When the dinner was nearly over the youngster seemed to be stirred by a desire to say something on the subject and the uncle was 'Say, uncle," the boy inquired. eager to hear. what makes the New York people eat with their mouths open?" The uncle was compelled to admis that he had not observed it and of course he couldn't explain. Can anybody? It must be true, because bildren and fools tell the truth,

NEW YORK, April 10. Who? TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-SIT: Is It a lucid nterval, or is he on the water wagon?

ANXIOUS.

#### NEW YORK, April 11. When April Comes.

When April comes, how tenderly The love light falls on earth and ses! How soft the flush of budding things How light the bluebird's flashing wings, How freshly green the sunlit lea! Sweet sounds of lightsome revelry

When April comes, Before the sprites of tearful giee The springtime spirit laughs and sings And softly sweeps her trembling strings. The world is new for you and me

When April comes,

ADA FOSTER MUERAY.

Float from the stream and young leafed tree Joy flows from her long prisoned springs

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

Why Denial of the Divinity of Jesus Boes Not Appeal to Many Christians.

To gue EDITOR OF THE SUN-SIP! Whatever Mr. Isidor Singer writes is always attractive for two reasons: First, he writes with the force of a strong and masterful conviction; and secondly, his diction is of the purest and most alluring character. Were it not for an equally strong and intense conriction I should hesitate to make any comnent on his letter in THE SUN of April 6. Mr. Singer has unquestionably defined the main issue in the religious world to-day when he says:

The new theology-Jewish, Christian and Mo hanimedan—while recognizing the sublimby of Jesus's figure and his transcending position in the distorical evolution of mankind, has decided to render divine wership to Him alone whom Jesu called Heavenly Father.

That is a very clear statement. It is precisely the position of the new theology, and at present at least, one can see no reason why devout Hebrews, Mohammedans and Unitarians cannot unite in the monotheism which Mr. Singer approves of. But that is also the very reason why the overwhelming majority of Christians reject the new theology and refuse to be led by it. To them as it is to me, the "Jesus of history" is much more than "a transcendent figure in the historical evolution of mankind." There has een no figure like Him either before or since His times. He has not been led up to by any process of human evolution, nor has the oceas of evolution produced a figure like Him since his times. If so, history fails to take note of it. He has stood uniquely apart rom the whole race of mankind in His absoute impeccability and singleness of purpose t is not so much the miracles of his power the miracle of his life which leads us to lismiss the fiction of a possible evolution.

Let it be granted that the followers of the new theology are able to marshal an imposing array of intellectual men who will concede no more regarding the person of Christ than Mr. Singer does. That method of argument may be met in two ways: First,

Christ than Mr. Singer does. That method of argument may be met in two ways: First, by an equally imposing array of great men who have wershipped Christ as God. This, however, does not meet the question fairly or squarely. The second and truer method is by stating unequivocally that the intellectual method of comprehending the deity of Christ is not the ultimate method. True, a purely intellectual study of the life of Christ has often led men to acknowledge His deity and to voice their conviction: "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ: Thou art the sverlasting Son of the Father." But intellectualism is not even primarily the method of approach to or belief in Him. The heart, the life, the conscience, the soul—these are the tabernacles of Christ. The mere historicity of Christ's life and example may indeed appeal to the student of history, but it is not sufficient to account for His power and position in the world of to-day. We cannot dismiss Him even by labelling Him as a sublime and transcending figure in the historical evolution of the world. The old question: What think ye of Christ will not down so easily. That the believer in the deity of Christ has ample ground for his faith from an intellectual standpoint will be borne out by many who read these lines. But the inexorable logic of accepting intellectualism as the ultimate means of a true knowledge of Christ would be to debar from His religion all but those men who, having postulated that requirement, naturally designated themselves as the aforesaid intellectuals.

Mr. Singer has done a genuine service by

defining the issue, although the issue itself is as old as Christianity 4 He speaks out of his experience. I speak out of mine. He denies the leity of Christ. I affirm it out of an experience which is sufficient for my faith. I cannot fother nucleits the leity of the sufficient for my faith. I cannot fothers nucleits the leity of the sufficient for my faith. I cannot fothers nucleits the leity of the sufficient for my faith. I cannot fothers nucleits the leity of the sufficient for my faith. I cannot fothers nucleits the leity of the sufficient for my faith. I cannot fothers nucleits the sufficient for my faith. faith I cannot forbear quoting the Right faith. I cannot forbear quoting the Right Rev. Charles Gore, D. D., Bishop of Birming-ham, whose recent book, "The New Theology and the Old Religion," is a noteworthy con-tribution to the question. He says:

It is surely unworthy to defer to the authority of any one for what he denies or is supposed to deny and to refuse it for what he maintains. A man in fact is much more likely to be mistaken in what he denies than in what he affirms. What he affirms is what he realizes. What he denies may be only what he has failed to realize.

ST. GEORGE'S RECTORY, Schenectady, N

#### Small Manufacturers and the Hepburn Bill. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: By all

means let Professor Jenks give the explanaon called for by "Ley" i the putting together of the Hepburn bill amendatory of the Sherman anti-trust act My company manufactures an article over whose sale there is much competition. do business all over the United States. Federal incorporation or license would be of much value to us, but if it means that every contract we make must be sent to Washington for approval, and "at the mercy of a \$1,200 clerk," then we might as well shut up shop as try to use it. Corporations-like the Steel Corporation, the Pullman Company or the Standard Oil Company might win out under such a law; they could possibly buy all the nformation concerning their business that would find its way into the Bureau of Corporations, but wee to the little fellows!

There is a well defined line of information that every corporation would give without danger to itself, and that would satisfy the public need, but there is no attempt to define t or limit it in the Hepburn bill. In tice it would be whatever the bureau clerks hought would help them with what they would have to sell to any corporation's rival. That is intolerable.

Let Professor Jenks come out into the oper and tell us why he attempted to cram into the law a proposition which cannot be defended on any legal basis of the powers of Congress, As "Lex" says, let us have straight, honest law, and no trickery. Speak out, Professor

#### NEW YORK, April 10. The Millennium Announced Again.

From the Bultimore Sun of April 11. Seriously believing that in October, 1914, or in the rear following, the millennium will come, the existing order of earthly things will change and that two-thirds of the people of the earth-the wicked two-thirds-will go down to eternal death, Mr Charles H. Anderson, senior partner in the com-mission firm of C. H. Anderson & Co. on South Calvert street, has cancelled two policies of life insurance which would mature at that time.

Mr. Anderson is well known in the commission trade, and being a business man he sees no use in continuing to pay premiums on policies that will do him no good, because the mixup that's coming will turn the insurance companies upside down, The policies cancelled were issued by New York companies and are of the twenty year kind, one expiring in 1914 and the other after the time the millennium is due.

Lots of things are going to happen in 1914, Mr. Anderson says, and he supports his belief with a ine of Scriptural argument. He believes that there's going to be a great trouble on earth. There financial panies, he says, cities will be burned down, earthquakes will come every day, rlots will reak out and anarchy blossom, armies and navies will kill each other trying to put down uprisings. "To prove that those things will happen," he said, "all you've got to do is to look at the things that are happening now. The trouble is beginning.

of anarchy and all the other trouble in the world. In 1914, when the millennium comes and Christ omes to rule the earth, all the existing forms of government will be wiped out and nations will ease to exist. That's proved in the third chapter of Zephaniah in the eighth verse: 'Therefore walt ye upon me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the

prey: for my determination is to gather the nations, hat I may assemble the kingdoms, to pour upon them mine indignation, even all my flerce anger: for all the earth shall be devoured with the fire of my pealousy. Mr. Anderson says he has been studying the Bible for ten years to get at this conclusion, and he has read, bealdes, the writings of Biblical scholars who believe the same thing. He believes Christ is on earth now, having come in 1878, which was the

end of the gentile age in which we are now living.

The years between 1878, the end of the are, and

1914, which he says is going to be the time when the good and the bad are separated, are the years of harvest, in which the decision between who shall die and who shall live is being made. Before Ananias. Adam had just finished naming the animals "Wait till I start on the fish," he exclaimed, glee-

Thus we learn he was preparing to tell some whoppers even before the fall. Impending Trouble.

sigantic conflict between capital and labor Boeker-Well, I feel there will soon be one be ween capital and fishing. Distant.

Stells Did she keep him at arm's length?

Bella-Worse; she held him at hat width

Knicker-Taft says we must look forward to

POMPEH REVISITED.

Notes by Mr. Howells of a Later Italian Journey.

happy in going back to Pompeli after forty three years, and being alive to do so in the body. I resolved to behave handsomely by the cabman who drove me from my hotel to the station. I said to myself that I would do something that would surprise him, and I gave him his fee and nearly a francover; but it was I who was surprised, for he ran after me into the station; as I supposed, to extort more. He was holding out a franc toward me, and I asked the guide who was bothering me to take him to Pompeii (where there are swarms of guides always on the ground) what the matter was. "It is false, he explained, and this proved true, though whether the franc was the one I had given the driver or whether it was one which he had thoughtfully substituted for it to make good an earlier loss I shall now never know. I put it into my pocket, wondering what I should do with it; the question what you shall do with counterfeit money in Italy is one which is apt to recur, and in despair of solving it at that moment I threw it out of the car window.

This was, of course, after I got into the car, and after I had suffered another wrong, and was resolved at least to be good myself. I had taken first class tickets, but when we had followed several conductors up and down the train the last of them said there were no first class places left, though I shall always doubt this. I asked what we should do and he shrugged. I had heard that if you will stand upon your rights in such a matter the company will have to put on another car for you. But I was now dealing with the Italian Government, which has nationalized the railroads, but has apparently not yet repleted the rolling stock, and when the conductor found us places in a second class carriage, rather than quarrel with a Government which had troubles enough already I got aboard. suppose really that I have not much public spirit and that the little I have I commonly leave at home: in travelling it is troublesome. Besides, the second class carriage would have been comfortable enough if it had not been so dirty; it looked as if it had not been washed since it was flooded with liquid ashes at the destruction of Pompeii, though they seemed to be cigar ashes.

The country through which we made the hour's run was sympathetically squalid. We had, to be sure, the sea on one side, and that was clean enough; but the day was gray, and the sea was responsively gray; while the earth on the other side was torn and ragged, with people digging in manure, among patches of broccoli, and gardening away as if it had been April, instead of January. There were shabby villas, with stone pines and cypresses herding about them, and tatters of life plant overhanging their shabby walls; there were stucco shanties which the men and women working in the fields would lurk in at nightfall. At places there was some cheerful boat building, and at one place there was a large maccaroni manufactory, with far stretches of the product dangling in hanks and skeins from rows of trellises. We passed through towns where women and children swarmed, working at doorways and playing in the dim cold streets; from the balconies everywhere winter melons hung in nets, dozens and scores of them. such as you can buy at the Italian fruiterers in New York, and will keep buying when once you know how good they are. In Naples they sell them by the slice in the street, the fruiterer carrying a board on is head with the slices arranged in an up right coronal like the rich, barbaric headdress of some savage prince.

Our train was slow and our car was foul, but nothing could keep us from arriving at Pompeii in very good spirits. The entrance to the dead city is gardened about with a cemeterial prettiness of evergreens: but after you have bought your ticket and been assigned your guide you pass through this decorative zone and find yourself in the first of streets where the past makes no such terms with the present. If some of the houses of an ampler plan had little spaces beyond the atrium planted with such flowers as probably grew there two thousand years ago, and stuck round with tiny figurines, it was to the advantage of the people's fancy; but it did not appeal so much to the imagination as the mould and moss, and the small, weedy network that covered the ground in the roofiess chambers and temples and basilicas, where the broken columns and walls started from the floors which this unmeditated verdure painted in the favorite hue of ruin

Most of these places I reentered through my recollection of them, but to this subjective experience there was added that of seeing much newer and vaster things than I remembered. That sad population of victims of the disaster, restored to the semblance of life, or perhaps rather of death, in plaster casts taken from the moulds their decay had left in the hardening ashes, had much increased in the melancholy museum where one visits them the first thing within the city gates. But their effect was not cumulative; there were more writhing women and more contorted men; but they did not make their tragedy more actual than it had been when I saw them, fewer but not less affecting, all those years ago. It was the same with the city itself: Pompeii had grown, like the rest of the world in the interval, and although it had been dug up instead of built up, a good third had been added to the count of its streets and houses. There were not that I could see more ruts from chariot wheels in the lava blocks of the thoroughfares, but some convincingly two storied dwellings had been exhumed, and others with ceilings in better condition than those of the earlier excavations; there were more all but unbroken walls and columns; some mosaic floors were almost as perfect as when their dwellers fied over them out of the stifling city. But upon the whole the result was a greater monotony; the revelation of house after house, nearly the same in design, did not gain impressiveness from their repetition; as would be the case if the dwellings of an old fashioned cross street in New York were dug out 2,000 years after their submergence by an eruption of Orange Mountain. The identity of each of the public edifices is easily attested to the archeologist, but the generally intelligent. as the generally unintelligent, visitor must take the archeologist's word for the fact. One temple is much like another in its strings of columns and vague foundations and broken altars. Anyway, the newer discoveries, the various public baths, are in the best repair, both structurally and decoratively, and in these one could replace the | had wakefully, however unwillingly, wilantique life with the least wear and tear of the imagination. I could not tell which the different houses

were; but the guide books can, and there I leave the specific knowledge of them; their names could say nothing to the reader if they said nothing to me. In Pompeli, where all the houses were rather small, some of the new ones were rather large, though not larger than a few of the older ones. Not more recognizably than these, they had been devoted to the varied uses known to advanced civilization in all ages: there were dwellings and taverns and drinking houses and eating houses, and there were allogether sorry to have added scarcely a new

those houses where the feet of them that abide therein and of those that frequent them alike take hold on hell. In these the guide stays the men of his party to prove the character of the places to them from ROME, March 27 .- Because I felt very the frescoes and statues; but it may be questioned if the visitors so indulged had not better take the guide's word for the fact. There can be no doubt that at the heart of paganism the same plague festered which poisons Christian life, and which while the social conditions remain the same

from age to age will poison life forever. The pictures on the walls of the newly excavated houses are not strikingly better than those I had not forgotten; but of late it has been the purpose to leave as many of the ornaments and utensils in position as possible. The best are, as they ought to be, gathered into the National Museum at Naples, but those which remain impart a more living sense of the past than such wisely ordered accumulations. Yet it is the Pompeian paradox that in the image of death it can best recall life. It is a grave which has been laid bare, and it were best to leave its ghastly memories unhindered by other companionship. One feels that one ought to be there alone in order to see it aright,

One should not perhaps Go visit it by the pale moonlight but if one could have had it all to one's self by day, such a gray day as we had for it.

there is no telling what might have happened. One thing only would certainly have happened: one would have got lost. It never was a town of large area; and like all spaces that have been ruined over, it looked smaller than it would have looked if all its walls were standing with all their roofs upon them. Still, it was a mesh of streets, out of which you would in vain have sought your way if you had been caught in it alone; though it is mostly so level that if you had mounted a truncated column almost anywhere you could have

looked over the labyrinth to its verge. It was not much crowded by visitors though there were strings of them at the heels of the respective guides, with I thought a prevalence of the Germans who are now overrunning Italy. I am sorry to say they are not able to keep it cheap, at least for other nationalities. Among these I noted two little smiling, shining, twinkling Japs, who carried kodaks for the capture of that classical antiquity which could never really belong to them. Their want of a pagan past in common with us is what keeps us alien even more than the want of a common

Christian tradition. The glory that was Greece And the grandeur that was Rome

could never mean to our brown companions what they meant to us; but they put on a polite air of being interested in the Græco-Roman ruin, and were so gentle and friendly that one could almost feel they were fellow men. Very likely they were; at any rate, until we are at war with them, I shall believe so.

Our guide, whom we had really bought the whole use of at the gate, thriftily took on another party, with our leave, and it was pleasant to find that the American type from Utah was the same as from Ohio or Massachusetts. With all our differences we are the most homogeneous people under the sun, and likest a large family. We all frankly got tired at about the same time at the same place, and agreed that we had, without the amphitheatre, had enough when we ended at the Street of Tombs, where the tombs are in so much better repair than the houses. For myself I remembered the amphitheatre so perfectly from 1864 that I did not see how I could add a single emotion there in 1908 to those I had already urned into literature; and thoug is but small, the amphitheatre is practically as far from the Street of Tombs, after you have walked about the place for two hours, as the Battery is from High Bridge. There is no elevated or subway at Pompeii, and even the lines of public charlots which left those ruts in the lava pavements seem to have been permanently suspended after the final destruction in the year 79.

We were not only very tired, but very

hungry, and we asked our guide to take

us back the shortest way. I suggested a cross-cut at one point, and he caught at the word eagerly, and wrote it in his notebook for future use. He also acted upon it instantly, and we cut across the back yards and over the kitchen areas of several absent citizens on our way back. Our guide was as good and true as it is in the nature of guides to be, but goodness and truth are rather the attributes of American travellers and you will not escape the small graft which the guides are so rigorously forbidden. Pompeii is no longer in the keeping of the Italian army; with the Italian instinct of decentralization the place has claimed the right of self-government, and now the guides are civilians, and not soldiers, as they were in my far day. They do not accept fees, but still they take them and our guide said that he had a brother in-law who had the best restaurant outside the gate, where we could get luncheon for two francs. As soon as we were in the hands of the runner for that restaurant the price augmented itself to two france and a half; when we mounted to the threshold, lured on by the fascinating mysters of this increase, it became three france, without wine. But as the waiter justly noted, in hovering about us with the cutlery and napery while he laid the table, a two-fifty luncheon was unworthy such lords as we. When he began to bring on the delicious omelet, the admirable fish, the excellent cutlets, he made us observe that if we paid three france we ought to eat a great deal; and there seemed reason in this; at any rate we did so. The truth is that luncheon was worth the money and more; as for the Vesuvian wine it had the rich red blood of the volcano in it, and it could not be bought in New York for half a franc the bottle, if at all; at thrice that

price in Naples it was not a third as good. If there had been anything to do after lunch except go to the traffi, we could not have done it, we were so spent with our two hours walk through Pompeii, though the gray day had been rather invigorating. Certainly it was not so exhausting as that white hot day forty-three years before when I had broiled over the same ground under the blazing sun of a Pompeian November. Yet the difference in the muscles and emotions of twenty-seven as against those of seventy told in favor of the white hot day; and besides that, in the time that had elapsed a much greater burden of antiquity had been added to the city than had accumulated in its history between the year 79 and the year 1864. During most of those centuries Pompeii had been dreamlessly sleeping under its ashes, but in the ensuing less than half a century it nessed such events as the failure of secession and the abolition of slavery, the unification of Italy and Germany, the fall of the Second Empire, the liberation of Cuba and the acquisiton of the Philippines the exile of Richard Croker, the destruction of the Boer Republic, the rise and spread of the trusts, the purification of municipal politics, the invention of wireless telegraphy and the general adoption of automobiling These things, and others like them, had perhaps not aged Pompeii so much as they had aged me, but their subjective effect was the same, and upon the whole I was not